

5-4-1912

Letter from Janet E. Davison, Wellesley,
Massachusetts, to Mrs. A. H. Otis, Bath, New York,
1912 May 4

Janet E. Davison

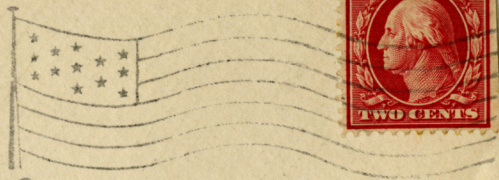
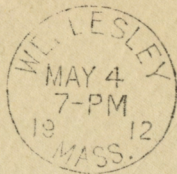
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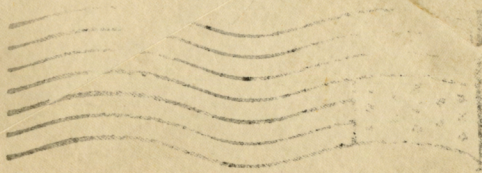
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Mrs. A. H. Otis,
124 E. Sturben St.,
Bath,
New York.



Sat. noon.

Dear Grandma,
Your letter and
mama's just came so I've
had quite a wealth of home
news. Now I'll try to give
a bit in return.

In the first place, as
I have neither German nor
English theme over the week
~~end~~ and as I'm rather
tired, I got nunny yesterday
P.M. and 'phoned Mrs. J. J.
Bennett to see if she would
have me. She told me to
do that so I took at her

word as a lady. She said, "Come
along," so I'm going in at
4:05 alongside 10' Miles. Seven
of the 18 Belairresses are going
away over Sunday. Won't the
others be a lousy bunch?

Now I'll answer ques-
tions for you and Mother.
My eczema is much better,
but if Mother'd send another
old napkin in my laundry
I'd be much obliged as the
pieces I have now are de-
cidedly shady and shaggy.
I think it's best to keep black
stockings away still, though
the skin is smooth and
clean now. So you mustn't

agitate your inner consciousness.

My pink dress is just nice and loose. It didn't even feel which is a compliment to any dress. Of course I had a glorious time at the Prom. What else would you expect?


So far as I can see the work gets thicker and harder all the time and that's one reason why I'm going to Belmont:— viz., to escape the academic atmosphere.

We are now in the process of electing next year's course; I've not the slightest idea about mine as yet. I expect to work some on it tomorrow. Making our schedules ourselves involves some degree of planning. The schedules must be in May 24th and registration fees May 26th. Sometime soon we draw for rooms for next year. Now I am very anxious to room alone, but Helen urges the room-mate scheme again and it may seem best to room together, especially if we can in that way get into College Hall. I'll let you know about all these as soon as

I can.

An epoch-marking event in this - ah - colloquial year so to speak, is the utter abandonment of Quitchy by mihiki. My hair is by no means copious but I'm much more respectable demudo.

Now as for my laundry there's no hurry whatsoever for I have plenty of everything. I meant to send back two pairs of black stockings which are altogether too small. They were all out of 10.00 so I took these which Mr. Will said were 9 1/2.00 but they never even

thought of being that. This is
the way they fit: . I'll
send them next time instead.

I'm glad the B. of O.
Banquet went off so well. The
feed sounded real good. Thank
Austin for his spelling list—
tell him he's getting to be a
some writer. (This quoted to
emphasis from a letter which
I'm enclosing for your benefit
and amusement. To tell the
truth, I don't think \$1,000 tuition
is any particular education
in itself).

Tonight I'm going to
miss Freshman Baruswallow
entertainment — a Kempie

party but the fact doesn't worry me particularly. After this I'm positively going to settle down, though my jodding has in no way interfered with studying.

I trust Mother's quite over her tonsillitis now as it's a great inconvenience to say the least.

Thank my Dad for the magnificent check and tell him Mrs. Stone and I both appreciate its arrival. Now this is my Sunday letter but will try to write Monday or Tuesday again. Give my love to Grandpa, the family, the Sedgewicks and anyone else that you wish, if it serves to fill up an awkward pause.

[One month from today exams commence - June 4 - and June 12th sees me trotting up to Wareham and the 21st ^{or 22nd} I appears in Bawth. Will someone please find out just when Sayre & Rumsey come home.]
At last I'm going to stop.

Lovingly,
Janet.